

ON THE SIDE.

By WEX JONES.

What must the hardworking hen think of Easter eggs.

Millionaires who laugh are rare.-Andrew Not at all; only they laugh in their

THE LAZY DAYS.

WHAT can you do when the sky is blue, And the air has a Summer haze, And you cannot shun the burnished sun, What can you do but laze?

Y/ HAT but self-pity you're jammed the city,

What can you do when the sky is so blue, What can you do but laze?

Mrs. Polly Baker of Indiana has just obtained a divorce from her eleventh husand. Such is the force of habit.

THE BOWERY.

I ERE where the bricks and mortar weigh and shabby men carouse. Once on a time the lane was gay With flowers and budding boughs.

HERE walked lovers hand in hand When all the fields were green, Before the builder scarred the land, And Spring alone was queen.

A ND now a dusty, jangling street— Yet Spring is somehow there, And lovers find the season sweet And deem the Bowery fair.

THE DICTIONARY OF MISINFOR-MATION.

ANT-A small industrious creature that always has an umbrella for a rainy

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard." "I'm going to him now-to make a touch." - Dotty Dialogues.

SAND-A clam's toothpowder. SEEDS-Small objects placed in the ground by a commuter for the amusement of dogs and chickens.

SMELT-Small fish; usually found TO CRIST-One who admires anything.

"Who is that guy admiring Riverside "He must be a tourist,"-Dotty Dialogues. UMPIRE-A slow suicide.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Joaquin Miller nailed all his chairs to the wall .- Literary Note.

When entertaining critics, Longfellow used to lock up his silver spoons.

Kipling, before attending a publisher's dinner, places his waten in a safety deposit

Stanley Waterloo, if he is to meet a fel-low author during the day, leaves his ideas the day, leaves his ideas at home.

Henry James cuts a private mark on his style, so that he may recognize it should it be stolen and pawned.

Hall Caine never takes his modesty with him on a fourney.

The Chinaman and You.

In saluting you he puts on his bat. Walking with you he keeps out of step. He shakes his own hand instead of He says east-south instead of scutheast. To be polite be asks your age and in-

He throws away the flesh of the melon and eats its seeds.

His women often wear trousers, while
he often wears a gown.
He presents coffins to his friends as you
present cigars or books.—Minneapolis Jour-

THE HALLROOM BOYS.

They Do It on \$9,50 Per.













They Euy Some Draperies for Their Apartment.

LIARS!

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

IF you've got any hunch on the sort of a gun for the potting of grizzly bears. If you think that you know how the bobcats run when they're hunted from out their lairs.

Just speak right up For the Roosevelt cup, Which is all engraved and ready For the biggest liar Who dares aspire

To disagree with Teddy.

Diogenes would be forced to stay holed up in his dinky tub If he took the White House word for the crowd in the Roosevelt Fiction Club

Of mean, malicious, meretricious, foolish falsifiers, Who argue things with Roosevelt and proclaim that they are liars.

I F you've got any facts about campaigr, funds sent in to the G. O. P. I (The sugar garnered by Cortelyou in the role of the busy bee).

Set both your eyes

On the Roosevelt prize Hung up for the scurrilous gents

Whose political views

Somehow refuse

To square with the President's.

Aesop could lie a little himself, but he was the merest dub Compared to the throng that have all been classed with the Roosevelt Fiction

Of bold, fallacious, most mendacious, unveracious guys, Who (when they talk of Roosevelt) seem to peddle only lies.

I ARRIMAN'S joined with Dear Maria and Bellamy, Whitney, Platt, Wallace, Chandler, Bowen and Shields! Now what would you think of that?

> Forsaking, forsooth, The cause of truth By daring to disagree

With the one whose steadiest stock in trade is his stern sincerity. Old Ananias would seem to-day but a poor unpractised cub Beside the mob that is rushing to join the Roosevelt Fiction Club.

How Provoking!

A young bride, after serving to her husthe mince pie was brought on: "I in-

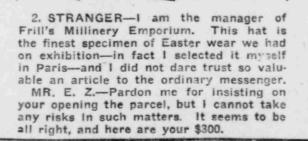
Part of the Horse.

A rich rancher told a story about a little band a ginner that was so-so, said, as slum urchin whom he had sent on a month's vacation into the country. "The lad," be said, "thought we got mush from too, but it has been a total failure." "How One morning a lady pointed to a horse in was that?" the husband asked in a disappointed tone, for he was fend of sponge cake. "The druggist," she explained, "sent me the wrong kind of sponges."—

Argonaut.

One morning a lady pointed to a norse in a field and said: 'Look at the horse, Jimmy.' 'That's a cow,' the boy contradicted. 'No, said the lady, 'it's a horse. Tain't. It's a cow,' said fhe boy. 'Horses has wagons to 'em.'"—Kansas City Times.

Mr. E. Z. Mark Pays for an Easter Hat.



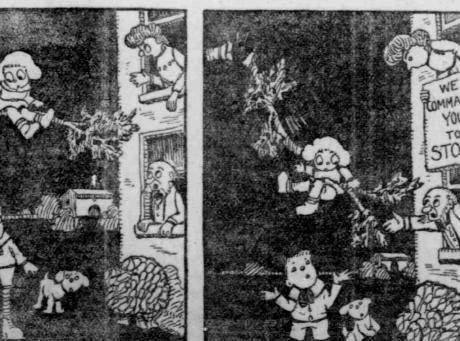


3. MR. E. Z .- You want \$300 for that parcel from Frill's, when I have already received Mrs. Mark's hat, and paid the manager himself! You'd better be careful if you are trying to work any bunco game on ME, young man! Get out now, before I call the police!



4. MRS. MARK-What on earth do you mean. Mr. Mark, by treating my new hat in this outrageous manner! What! You have already paid a man \$300 for that impossible creation which anybody with a thimbleful of brains could see never cost over \$2! E. Z., you've been done AGAIN!

Now, What D'ye Think of That?



1. MR. E. Z. (At telephone) .- Who is

this?-Mrs. Mark!-This is Mr. Mark-

Yes, I will be at the house by 3 o'clock-

An Easter hat-Pay the messenger-How

much-\$300!-Holy Smoke!-Well, all

right—Good-by, dear. STRANGER (To himself)—That looks

like a chance for \$300. E. Z. money for

Yours Truly. Ta, ta, until this afternoon.

The thing I didn't like tip top About Lucinda Hopper

Was that when she began to drop Her parents couldn't stop her.



I took her to a Music "Shop" When she was seventeen.



Said she, appreciatively, "This is a striking scene."